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FATHER GRANT'S "SPIRITUAL POLICE"

It appears that in the region round about the Church of the Paulist Fathers, at Columbus avenue and Sixtieth street, there are disorderly houses, "massage parlors," serving the uses of immorality in the guise of a respectable business, and other haunts of vice, including a saloon where a young girl, sent for beer, was drugged and abused. Soliciting on the streets is of common occurrence.

These facts are learned from Father Grant, a Paulist priest, who has begun a crusade against vice there. The public has known in a general way that this neighborhood was a "new Tenderloin," but of detailed information it has had nothing. Why is the knowledge gained now from a priest and not from the police? Has the captain of the West Sixty-eighth street police station been in ignorance of the conditions which have led the priest to assume the burden of reforming them? We can readily understand that the police had no knowledge of the outrage on the young girl, but for the rest, what a man of the cloth can see a precinct detective can see as well.

Father Grant has organized a number of his parishioners into a "spiritual police force" for a campaign against vice, and the regular police are adding their efforts. Here, again, we have evidence of the "volunteer government" which is so large a factor in the maintenance of law and order in New York. Evil conditions come into existence and are tolerated. They grow worse and are winked at. At length they become so offensive that some civic body or some resolute individual begins a movement to secure their abatement.

The Paulist Fathers have been admirably active in their antagonism of vice in their parish, and the extension of their excellent work by Father Grant is to be commended. The only regret is that supine police tolerance makes it necessary.

NO POWER TO STOP GAMBLING.

There always was and always will be gambling in the Tenderloin. No policeman on earth can stop it. Police Captain John W. O'Connor, late in charge of the West Thirtieth street station.

Various persons have been suspected as much, but this official statement by a police captain whose "record of raids and arrests in the Tenderloin is equal to the record of any man ever in command of the station" prompts certain queries.

Is this the final lesson of two years of unusually earnest police activity in the Tenderloin, of battering-ram assaults, of midnight raids "tipped off" in time to permit of escape, of the \$100,000 worth of gambling paraphernalia smashed or burned? Is the department impotent to suppress gambling or, if temporarily suppressed, to prevent its resumption?

Are the portcullis-protected houses with barred windows really the impregnable castles to which they have humorously been likened?

If so, it is a lesson dearly learned. Although since the first days of Partridge the department has concentrated its energies on the Tenderloin a new police captain, replacing a long line of predecessors, three days after taking charge finds evidence of the existence of six large gambling-houses, a dozen pool-rooms and seventy-four disorderly houses!

Here is what would appear at first view to be ample corroboration of O'Connor's statement. But before according full credence to his doubts it will be well to give Burfield a chance.

NOT GOING TO THE DOGS.

In Salt Lake Sunday Bronson Howard, the dramatist, said: "The tendency of the present times is toward moderation in all things and there are no grounds for the widely circulated report that the habit of drink is increasing rapidly among the women of New York." This sane and unsensational statement should do much to offset alarmist talk about increase of intemperance and immorality. Dr. Buckley may know his "twenty-five church members in good standing who are guilty of every crime except murder and piracy," and a cocktail at a woman's plate in a restaurant may cause grave forebodings about feminine dissipation. But the public will rather accept the veteran playwright's view. For most people the moral standard is higher; for those not moved by moral consideration there is enforced moderation because excess "does not pay."

Various causes are contributing to our moral improvement. Among them the Rev. Mr. Goodchild in his Sunday sermon noted that "even the newspapers in these days have turned preacher." Really, is there any other moral agency more powerful for good than the newspaper? Is the pulpit?

Newspaper sermons, preached daily from thousands of news columns, reach the millions to whom church interiors are unfamiliar. Their text is the wages of sin, for which there are new illustrations daily—the "double life" ending in a double tragedy, the defaulting treasurer, the young girl in the witness box for murder, the young rone poisoning his tiresome bride. In the mirror held up to nature by the newspaper are sights that carry their moral more strongly than the pulpit orator can convey it.

It is not too much to assert that the "tendency toward moderation in all things" observed by Mr. Howard is largely of newspaper creation.

HEALTH FOOD EXHIBITS

What ought to prove to be a popular novelty in restaurant methods comes from Boston, where in a newly established "health cafe" each waitress is designed to serve as a human testimonial, an animate exhibit of the nourishing qualities of the food furnished there. To secure the necessary plumpness of physique the young women are bountifully fed on the best viands that the restaurant supplies. When finally they acquire a sufficiently agreeable embonpoint they are allowed to wait on the customers as "living exponents" of the superior qualities of the food served.

It is an idea of merit. When further developed the special sources of the young women's plumpness might be designated by appropriate labels. Thus, the stately brunette might bear a label reading: "Beans was the secret that made me so." The sunny blonde might wear the legend: "Twas 'brown the wheat' that made me sweet." The scheme is one capable of profitable extension, as likely to prove highly attractive to masculine patrons.

THE NOSE AND GRINDSTONE CLUB.

Conducted by
UNCLE PEANUTBRITTLE
(ROY L. MCARDLELL).



TWO PATRONS OF THE CLUB'S EXCHANGE.

HAVE you got any rage, any copper, any brass, any nice dry bones, any old gun shoes?

Then why not exchange them for something useful at the Nose and Grindstone Club's Married Men's Exchange? Married men who are denied sufficient spending money out of their salaries have found a way. It is the way of the Nose and Grindstone Club's Exchange.

The Road to Wealth is as Plain as the Path to the Pawnbrokers! We knew a married man who had sold a gift clock and peach-blow vase, together with a few other articles he found around the house, and with the proceeds he bought a nice dinner for a deserving young girl who supports herself by going out to do theatrical work. The philanthropist who bought the meal alluded to it as "a picked-up dinner!"

Why? Because he was a joker as well as a patron of the Nose and Grindstone Club's Exchange.

Have you anything to sell or exchange? If so, make the fact known. We are attacking the tyrant sex from their weak side—Bargains!

Women crowd our Exchange Rooms in their hot haste for "bargains," often buying things brought from their own homes by energetic husbands.

It is such a joke! But never tell your wife about it. Women have such a feeble sense of humor.

What have you to offer? Send in your descriptions of what you have to exchange to Uncle Peanutbrittle.

LOST—An opportunity to stay single, what can be done? Address "Double, Double, Toil and Trouble," N. and G. Club.

WANTED—An opportunity to collect a life insurance policy on a young man. Address "Hopes, N. and G. Club."

FOR EXCHANGE—A hoop skirt, does not take up much space, but is a nuisance to wear. Address "Hopes, N. and G. Club."

PERSONAL—Will all persons who saw a woman assault middle-aged man, keep address of blond young lady secret if they know it. Married Martyr, N. and G. Club.

FOR EXCHANGE—Two pounds of genuine imported truffles for large-sized bottle of cologne. Address "Double, Double, Toil and Trouble," N. and G. Club.

FOR EXCHANGE—A cuckoo clock that is a bird, stair carpet, nursing bottle and I dozen safety pins for book's four tickets to Europe for one. Address "Hopes, N. and G. Club."

FOR EXCHANGE—The hand and heart of a maid for a marriage settlement of \$50,000 per year, party accepting must not intend to intrude upon other country. Address "Double, Double, Toil and Trouble," N. and G. Club.

FOR EXCHANGE—Two new, Japanese paper-tapkins slightly used; art study entitled "A Yard of Frankfurter," and a home-made sack for imported French Automobile, party having automobile must pay chauffeur's board and wages for first six miles. Address "Hopes, N. and G. Club."

HYPNOTISM TAUGHT—Try my method; brings peace and quiet in a minute. Cure for feminine lunacy discovered at last; does not require a man to be a quiet life; full directions accompany little slung-shot; hand painted for dainty persons. Address "Hopes, N. and G. Club."

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY—Rare chance for deaf and dumb girl who has fortune in her own right to marry; business opportunity if you mean business. Address "Lotus Eater, Nose and Grindstone Club."

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

New York Manners.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I've read the comments about the bad manners of New Yorkers by the Philadelphia. Such critics must see that New York is too busy to stop and answer any fool question in a Philadelphia man might put to him. Of course, Philadelphia if you should stop a man on the street and ask him how long it would take to roll a peanut around the "square," he would have plenty of time to stop and expound all of his theories on the question and be glad to have an excuse to stop and rest. If you should stop a New York man and ask him the same thing it is likely that your eyes would be discolored if nothing worse. Let the Phillys sleep, but we are busy. GEO. A. T.

White Tie is Worn at Formal Functions.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is it proper to wear a black bow with full evening dress? Or is a white bow proper? H. Z. H.

It is an Island.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A says "Coney Island" is an island. B says it isn't. Which is correct? LOUIS D.

32,583 Square Miles. Population 42,456,546.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the area of Ireland and its population? JAMES FURLONG.

No. 239 Broadway.

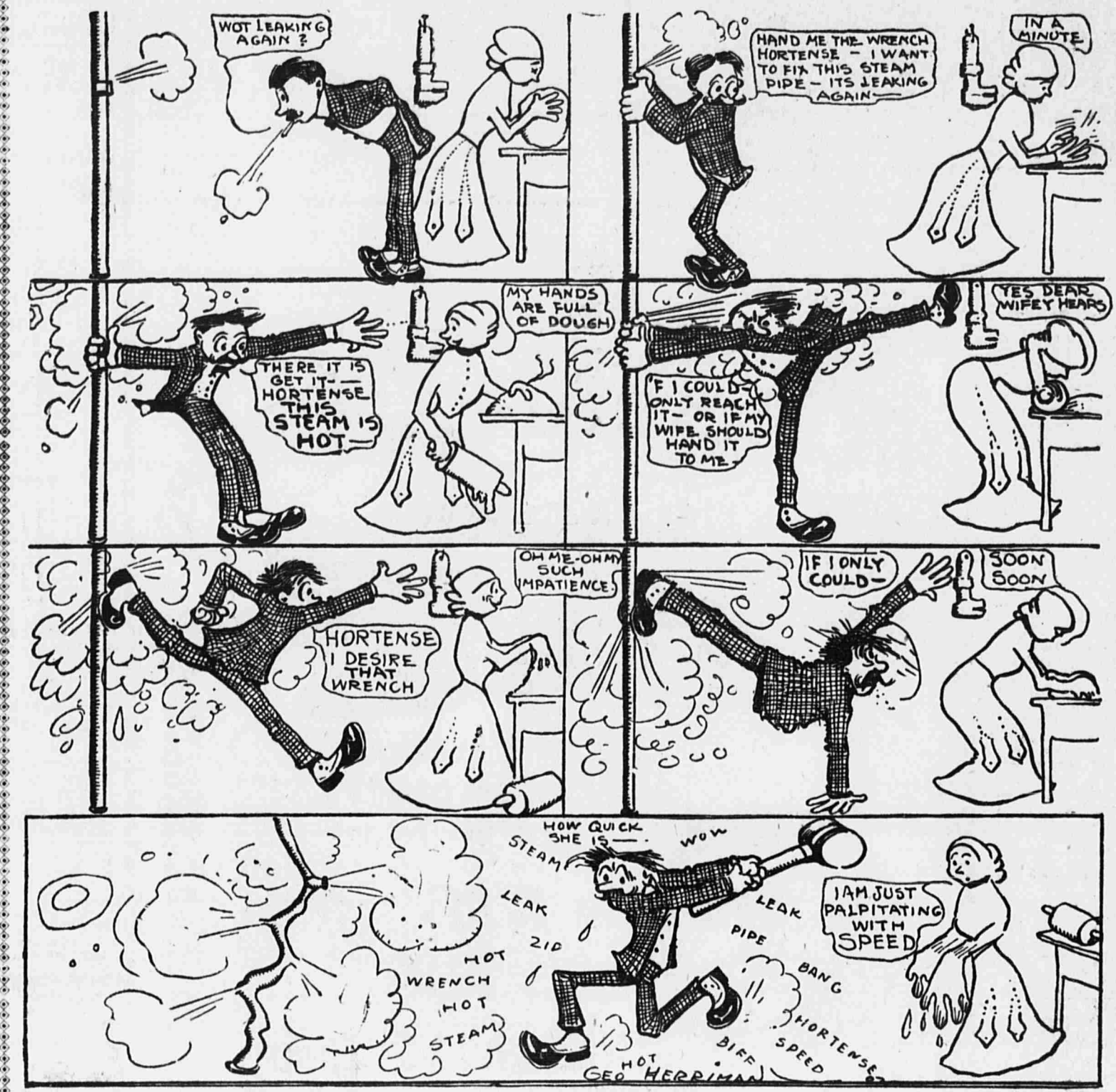
To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the address of the Legal Aid Society of New York? J. Q.

Inquisitive Neighbors.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Some of the women in our neighborhood can tell you how much you pay for clothes, food, etc. They can tell what time you get in at night and there is always some one "hanging" out of the windows. And this in a city like New York! S. P.

Mrs. Waitaminnit--the Woman Who Is Always Late.

She Doesn't Seem to Know that Time and a Bursting Pipe Are Not Much on the Wait.



The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Boasts of His Mighty Prowess as a Hunter, but Doesn't Show Up Well in a Test.



REMARKABLE.

"Did you see anything remarkable while you were away?" "Yes," answered the sardonic citizen. "I saw a rural citizen who was willing to admit that this wasn't the first summer there had ever been mosquitoes in his part of the country."—Washington Star.

HIS CHOICE.

"What kind of breakfast food do you prefer?" asked the landlady of the new boarder. "Pannet cakes and pure maple syrup, buttered toast, ham and eggs and coffee," replied the young man, who had his appetite with him.—Detroit Free Press.

NAUTICAL JANE.

"What time did that young man leave last night, Jane?" "About 11 o'clock, papa." "It seemed later than that." "It might have been a little later, but it wasn't his fault. You see, I gave him a liberal time allowance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FRED'S LIE.

Dumley—There goes Fred's grandmother. Corlies—What are you talking about? That's Fred's wife. Dumley—Then what did he want to do about it for? I asked him if she was his mother, and he said no; grandmother.—Boston Transcript.



The Man Higher Up.

Police Night Stick Is En Regie Again.

"I SEE that Commissioner Greene has advised his cops to use their nightsticks on the east side gangs," observed the Cigar Store Man.

"It was wasted advice," said the Man Higher Up. "I never knew a time when a cop wouldn't use his nightstick on anything from a gang to a garbage can. Now that the Commissioner has authorized his men to slam anybody they suspect of being tough with their nightsticks there is going to be a big boom in the sticking plaster industry."

"Nevertheless, I have known of cops who had their nightsticks taken away from them and used on them. A cop who has been fanned by his own nightstick in the hands of a citizen is as meek and retiring as an oyster in a Bowery stew for a long time. All at once he sees some guy making tracks like music manuscript on his boozey way along the street. It is night and there is nobody around. When the doctors examine the victim in the hospital they come to the conclusion that he has fallen off the Flatiron Building."

"The trouble about authorizing the use of the nightstick in breaking up gangs is that it is left to the ossified discretion of the cop to determine who is a member of a gang. When it comes to making a choice the cop is likely to put his bet on the wrong card. If the suspected person is large and husky and looks like he could give the cop a Yale look around the neck the cop would swear that he is a member of the Y. M. C. A. on his way home from a prayerfest. But if the suspected one looks as though he would be easy the cop exorcises on the palm of his right hand and proceeds to get busy. There is many a guy running around with bats in his belfry because he has been batted on the head with a nightstick in the hands of a chesty guardian of the peace who didn't like the color of his necktie."

"A cop with a nightstick is like a small boy in the vicinity of a pile of rocks and a street lamp. You can bet the money you have been saving for the installment man that the boy is going to pass one of those dornicks up to the lamp. He can't resist the chance. Neither can a cop resist the chance to use his nightstick if there is an opening for a play."

"Of course cops have to have protection. In some parts of the town they would be justified in dragging a gatling gun around with them. But there is no use in allowing a cop to use his nightstick in a peaceable crowd gathered from curiosity at a fire or an accident. The next time you happen to be in such a crowd keep your lamps on the cop in charge and watch him soa his nightstick against the corporosity of the first person who don't do what he wants done as quickly as he thinks it ought to be done."

"A cop can do lots of things with a nightstick," ventured the Cigar Store Man.

"Truest thing you know," agreed the Man Higher Up. "Maybe Commissioner Greene thinks that after the cops have cleaned out the east side gangs with their nightsticks they can close the Tenderloin gambling houses with them."

Some Royal Flirts.

Princess Amelle broke several hearts when she married the King of Portugal. One young officer, when the engagement was announced, wrote to the Princess and informed her that on the day of her marriage he would shoot himself; and, sure enough, he kept his word.

Another young gallant actually had the temerity to endeavor to persuade the Princess to elope with him before her marriage, and in a letter to her, that is still in the possession of the King of Portugal, to whom the Princess gave it some years after her marriage, offered to provide "a peaceful home and a lovely earthly paradise for his princess in England."

When the tsarina was Princess of Hesse a German paper said of her that, though of royal blood, she was not above carrying on a flirtation.

Truth must compel the admission that the Princess was distinctly of a mischievous disposition, and somewhat encouraged the attentions of men whose position in life debared any of them from ever becoming her husband.

One man who ought to have known better for he was a most distinguished advocate—fell hopelessly in love with the Princess of Hesse. He gave up his practice at the bar because he thought he would have a better chance of winning the Princess he loved by doing so. When his engagement to the tsar was announced this poor young man lost his reason and died a few years later.

That Tricky Brain-Cell.

The anatomy of the nervous system, and consequently its physiology was regarded in the past as very simple. Cayal showed that the specific brain cell is an independent unit provided with multiple processes, not through one nerve alone, but several. This independent brain unit or cell is called a neuron. A simple illustration of how the neuron acts is furnished by our not infrequent hunt for a name or idea which we know we possess. We feel that the name is there, but we cannot recall it. We get various names near it, beginning even with the same letter or the same vowel sound, yet only after many hours does it actually occur to us. What is supposed to happen is that the particular cell of intelligence which we are using throws out its process among the cells of memory for names, and though this process is brought in connection with cells containing similar names, it is only after a more or less prolonged search that it hits on the right one. It is as if the telephone operator in the central office felt around blindly for the connection wanted, and only after putting the plug into various holes eventually struck the proper one.

The "Weeping Willow" Song.

Some people have heard of the ballad containing the words "I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree," but perhaps it is not generally known that the author was a young man who fell desperately in love with Queen Victoria, at that time a girl of seventeen. This young lover was heir to a baronetcy, but baronets cannot approach royalty in the guise of a suitor, though it took some time before the romantic young man could be brought to understand this fact. When at last he did so he sat down in despair and wrote the now well-known ballad, which was at that time published in a London paper, and then he emigrated to Australia.

Chance Greetings.--II.

Dervry--
Hello, Sport, old pal! Put it there!
My glad hand for you every time;
The grip of your mitt near gives me a fit.
An' me bells are all ringin' a chime.

Murphy (the Silent)--
Shake, Bill,
Old chum--
We to the Pump
And a bumper of rum.